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**The Comus's  
chaplet**

**Nottingham**

**[18--?]**

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T H E  
Comus's Chaplet,

BEING  
*A choice Collection*

OF



Songs,

CONSISTING OF

- |                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHT.      | 12. THE CROPS.                 |
| 2. I'M IN HAST.                | 13. LISTEN TO THE VOICE, &c.   |
| 3. WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.       | 14. WHILE HIGH THE FOAMING,    |
| 4. MY BANKS ARE FURNISHED,     | 15. A HUNTING SONG.            |
| 5. NAVY AND ARMY OF BRIT.      | 16. TOM BOWLING.               |
| 6. COOLUN.                     | 17. THE SEA-WORN TAR.          |
| 7. 'T WAS NEITHER SHAPE, &c.   | 18. SAILOR'S JOKE.             |
| 8. RIPE CHERRIES               | 19. BANKS OF AYR.              |
| 9. GENTLY as the SOUTHERN, &c. | 20. BLIND SAILOR.              |
| 10. THE VIOLET.                | 21. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME. |
| 11. FAIR ROSALE.               |                                |

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Nottingham : Printed by Burbage and Stretton, No. 14, Long-row.

# COMUS'S CHAPLET.

## COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

**A**H! tell me, ye swains, have you seen  
my Pastora,  
O say, have you seen the sweet Nymph in  
your way,  
Transcendant as Venus, as blithe as Aurora,  
From Neptune's bed rising to hail the  
new day;  
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have  
sought her,  
The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme,  
A Goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daugh-  
ter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's  
winding stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young 'squires  
have sought her,  
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain,  
Devoid of Ambition, the cottager's daughter  
Convinced them their flattery and offers  
were vain:

When first I beheld her, I fondly besought  
her,

My heart did her homage, and Love was  
her theme,  
She vow'd to be mine,—the sweet cottager's  
daughter,

That dwells on the borders of Aln's  
winding stream.

Then why thus alone does she leave me to  
languish,

Pastora to splendor cou'd ne'er yield her  
hand,

Ah! no, she returns to remove my fond  
anguish,

O'er her heart Love and Truth retain the  
command;

The wealth of Golconda could never have  
bought her,

For Love, Truth, and Constancy still is  
her theme,

Then give me kind Hymen the cottager's  
daughter,

That dwells on the borders of Aln's  
winding stream.

## I'M IN HASTE.

**A**CROSS the fields the other morn,  
I tripp'd so blythe and gay,  
The 'Squire with his dog and gun,  
By chance came by that way;  
Whither so fast sweet maid, he cried,  
And caught me round the waist,  
Pray stop awhile dear Sir, said I,  
I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go as yet, cried he,  
For I have much to say,  
Come sit you down, and let us chat,  
Upon this new-mown hay;  
I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd  
Those ruby lips to taste;  
I'll have a kiss—well then, said I,  
Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just as I spoke, I saw Young Hodge  
Come thro' a neighb'ring gate,  
He caught my hand, and cried, dear girl  
I fear I've made you wait;  
But here's the ring, come let's to church,  
The joys of Love to taste;  
I left the 'squire, and laughing, cried  
You see sir I'm in haste.

## WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

**O**FT as on Thames's banks I stray,  
Where nymphs and swains appear,  
From all their sports I turn away,  
If William be not there;  
The nymphs then laugh,  
The swains all quaff,  
Their cyder, ale, and perry,  
They nod and wink,  
While health they drink  
To William of the Ferry.

When on the stream the youths attend  
Their manly skill to show,  
With rival force the oar they bend,  
And o'er the surface row:  
But none I'm sure,  
Ere ply the oar,

Comus's Chapter.

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Or steer to well the wherry,  
As he who won,  
The prize alone,  
Young William of the Ferry.

Such bliss to me his smiles impart,  
Whene'er he talks of love,  
That now I find my yielding heart  
Does all his hopes approve;  
So Hymen's hands  
Shall join our hands,  
Then I'll be blythe and merry,  
And sing thro' life,  
The happy wife  
Of William of the Ferry.

GALLANT LIEUTENANT.

Prepare, prepare; we're hail'd on board  
'Tis I am'd Britannia gives the word,  
See the Gallic Bird on high,  
Turn, turn upon your enemy.

CHORUS.

Be steady hearts, be firm and bold,  
And fight as Britons fought of old.  
Then swiftly fly with Eagle's wing,  
To guard your country and your king.

The Lion roars within his den,  
The antient crest of Englishmen,  
Undaunted bids you meet the foe,  
And lay their mighty vaunting low.  
Be steady hearts, &c.

Behold the fair Edina stand,  
Surrounded by her warlike band,  
And see she draws the hostile blade,  
To lend her neighb'ring sister aid.  
Be steady hearts, &c.

'Ere yet the battle is begun,  
Unite ye Britons, be as one,  
Be firm, true-hearted, and sincere,  
And then, oh, then you've nought to fear.  
Be steady hearts, &c.

VILLAGE

VILLAGE BOY.

MORN shook her locks, the budding  
rife,  
Smil'd at the dart which pass'd away,  
In renovated beauty blows,  
And sheds her perfume o'er the day;  
When Lubin, Nature's rustie child,  
Tried calm contentment to enjoy,  
And sweetly, thus, in woodnotes wild,  
Would cheerful sing the Village Boy.

Since Sylvia's kind, how blest my days,  
No other bliss I'd wish to know,  
The Graces ever mark her way,  
In her all gentle virtues glow;  
The slaves of Fortune let me shun,  
My humble cottage to enjoy,  
When toil and labour done,  
Thus cheerful sing the Village Boy.

Returning at mild evening's hour,  
Perchance my Sylvia I may meet,  
For her I'll cull the sweetest flow'rs,  
And strew them at my fair one's feet;  
Then as they drooping fade away,  
'Twill shew how Time all things destroy,  
Since Beauty's like a flower in May,  
Thus cheerful sung the Village Boy.

DANCE NANNETTE.

ALL in a shelter'd rural vale,  
When eve enjoyment brings,  
And each one tells the merry tale,  
Or trips the green, or sings;  
Sweet fairy Fascination reigns  
In Nannette's form and air,  
The admiration of the swains,  
And envy of the fair.

By chance as o'er these magic plains,  
A traveller bent his way,  
His heart beat concord to the strains,  
'He paus'd—he wish'd to stay;  
When from a neighb'ring moss-clad seat,  
Sweet Nannette made advance,  
And press'd the youth with smile and feat,  
To join the mazy dance.

Her chestnut tresses bade him tie,  
Now waving o'er her brow,

## Comus's Chapelet.

## NAVY and ARMY OF BRITAIN.

**L**ET sailors and soldiers unite in this  
cause,  
Bound together by honor and loyalty's bond  
Both fight for Old England and cherish her  
laws,

And give to the King each his heart and  
his hand,

In this phalanx unite,  
Like lions we'll fight,

While no private feuds our int'rests discover  
But this be our toast,

And our ultimate boast, *et c.*

Here's the navy and army of England for  
*CHORUS—But this be our toast.*

The sailor who ploughs on the watry main,  
To war and to danger and shipwreck a  
brother, *campaign,*

And the soldier who firmly stands out the  
Do they fight for two men who make war  
on each other?

Oh! no, 'tis well known,

The same loyal throne

Fires their bosoms with ardour and noble  
endeavour,

And that each with his lass,

As he drinks a full glass,

Toasts the navy and army of Britain for ever  
*And that each, &c.*

That their cause is but one, and they both  
can unite,

Needs no other example than this to be seen,  
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,  
Than that maritime soldier, the honest ma-  
rine,

He pulls and he hauls,

He fights till he falls, *waver,*

And from foretack and musket he never will  
But when the fray's over,

With his Dolly on shore,

Drinks the navy and army of Britain for  
ever.

*But when the fray's o'er, &c.*

What matters it who braves the glebe or  
the furge,

Yet if there's a contest about either station  
Let that st matus glory and loyalty urge,  
Who will stand the most firm to the king  
and the nation.

While thus we agree,

Let's fight and be free,

Shall Britons' gent Bii ons draw daggers?  
—oh! never,

Make the sans-culottes fly,

And let fame rend the sky

With the navy and army of Britain for  
ev'r.

*Make the sans-culottes fly, &c.*

## COOLUN.

**O**H! the hours I have pass'd in the  
arms of my dear,  
Can never be thought on but with a sad tear  
Oh! forbear, oh! forbear then to mention  
his name,  
It recalls to my mem'ry the cause of my  
pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,  
And when parted from me she would ne'er  
cease to mourn,

All hardships for me she would cheerfully  
bear,

And at night on my bosom forget all her  
care.

To some distant climate together we'll roam  
And forget all the hardship we meet with at  
home,

Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine  
aid,

Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than  
repaid.

'T WAS NEITHER SHAPE NOR  
FEATURE.

**T**WAS neither shape nor feature  
Made me own your sov'reign sway,  
E'en thine the proudest gifts of Nature,  
Could have triumph'd but a day.

Beauty's graces, tho inviting,  
Scarcely the ravish'd sense will bind,  
But with Virtue's charms uniting,  
Steal Love's fetters o'er the mind.  
Since Death has sped his iron dart,  
And snatch'd him to the tomb,  
For now within the peaceful urn  
He sleeps—each pleasure's o'er,  
E'en Nature seems herself to mourn;  
That Yorick is no more.



RIPE CHERRIES.

**C**OME buy my ripe cherries, fair maid—  
and come buy,  
I sell them so cheap sure you cannot deny,  
Not for silver or gold with a cherry I'll part,  
To the smile of good humour I'll yield up  
my heart.

The true bleeding heart,  
Come buy my ripe cherries, the true  
bleeding heart.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,  
Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,  
Come buy my ripe cherries, the true bleed-  
ing heart.

Not beauty alone I think worthy my prize,  
Nor the pout of the lips, or the glance of  
the eyes,

To the froward, tho' fair, not with one  
will I part,

To the smile of good humour I yield up  
my heart.

The true bleeding heart, &c.

My cherries I sell for the smiles of the fair,  
Give a poor little boy, O give him a share,  
For your bindness dear ladies a truth I'll  
impart,

'Tis the smiles of good humour that wins  
ev'ry heart.

The true bleeding heart, &c.

GENTLY AS THE SOUTHERN  
BREEZE.

**G**ENTLY as the southern breeze,  
Linging the fairest flow'r that is;  
Drest'd in Nature's spotless white,  
And clear as Cynthia, beaming bright;  
Come gentle Echo from thy cell,  
And thro' th' odoniferous gale,  
In soft and soothing numbers swell,  
The pendant Lilly of the Vale.

Emblems, sure, in thee we find,  
Of meekness, and an humble mind,  
All serene, devoid of strife  
Amidst the anxious cares of life;

O could the transitory grace  
Learn from thy state th' instructive tale  
But Echo—ah! how oft' repeat  
Th' impressive Lilly of the Vale.

Lovely flow'r, thy lowly rest  
May no unshallow'd haas molest,  
Nor disturb thy bliss serene,  
While Nature spreads a flow'ry scene;  
Thy various life thee will I view,  
When on the hill or in the dale,  
And each returning spring renew  
Thy praise, Lilly of the Vale.

THE VIOLET.

**T**HO' from thy bank of velvet torn,  
Hang not fair flow'r thy drooping  
crest,  
On Delia's bosom thou shalt find  
A softer, sweeter bed of rest.

Tho' from mild Zephyr's kiss no more,  
Ambrosial balms thou shalt inhale;  
Her gentle breath, whene'er she sighs,  
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But be thou grateful for that bliss,  
For which in vain a thousand burn;  
And as thou stealest sweets from her,  
Give back thy choicest in return.

FAIR ROSALE.

**O**N that lone bank where Lubin died,  
Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,  
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,  
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.  
Oh may some kind, some gentle wave,  
Wash him to this mournful shore,  
These tender hands should make his grave,  
And deck his corps with flowers o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,  
And pray for his eternal rest,  
When time his form had worn away,  
His dust I'd place within my breast:  
While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,  
And Echo to her griefs reply'd,  
Lo! at her feet his corps was tost.  
She shriek'd, she clasp'd him, sigh'd and  
dy'd.

THE CROPS.

**Y**E nymphs and swains  
Attend my strains,  
Good humour prompts the lay,  
A lively song,  
And cheerful throng,

Will chafe dull care away;  
 The times have been hard, I allow,  
 But fate smiles propitiously now,  
 And fashion itself denotes plenty.  
 See all around,  
 What crops abound,  
 For one of last year we have twenty.

Fine crops,  
 Rich tops,  
 Huzza, huzza, &c.,  
 What need we fear,  
 This is the harvest of leap year, &c.

The ladies too,  
 As patriots true,  
 Flock round the green cloth board,  
 And sitting late,  
 To help the state,  
 Deal out their spousy's hoard,  
 With arms and with elbows all beat,  
 No pains nor exposure they spare,  
 Content to be chained round the middle  
 With gilded head,  
 All follow the card and the fiddle.  
 Great haste,  
 No wait,

Huzza, &c.  
 If aid like this,  
 Tho' ma'am and miss,  
 From recreation springs,  
 If bucks and fops  
 Produce such crops,  
 We ne'er can want good things;  
 But shew the glittering belles shine in vain,  
 And cruel informers complain,  
 To stop the fair bank circulation,  
 Our dogs will help,  
 Tax every whelp,  
 And puppies may prop up the nation,  
 Bow wow,  
 That's how,  
 Huzza, huzza, &c.

#### LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O Listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 He calls my Daphne to the grove,  
 The primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
 The tuneful birds invite to rove,  
 To foster joys let splendor yield.  
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.  
 Where flowers their blooming sweets  
 exhale,  
 My Daphne let us fondly stray,  
 Where whispering love breathes forth its

gale,  
 And shepherds tune their artless lay.  
 O listen, &c.  
 Come share with me the sweets of spring,  
 And leave the town's tumultuous noise  
 The happy swain will sweetly sing,  
 An echo shall repeat their joys,  
 O listen, &c.

#### WHILE THE FOAMING SURGES RISE.

WHILE the foaming surges rise,  
 and pointed rocks appear,  
 Loud thunders rattle in the skies,  
 ye sailors must not fear.  
 In storms, in wind,  
 their duty mind;  
 Aloft, below,  
 they cheerful go.  
 To reef, or steer, as 'tis design'd;  
 no fears or dangers fill the mind.

The signal for the live is made,  
 the haughty foes in fight,  
 The bloody flag aloft display'd,  
 and fierce the dreadful fight.  
 Each minds his gun,  
 no danger shun;  
 Aloft, below,  
 they cheerful go.  
 Tho' thunders roar yet still we find,  
 no fears alarm the sailor's mind.

The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,  
 the sky is clear again;  
 We toss the can to those on shore,  
 while we are on the main:  
 To Poll and Sue,  
 sincere and true,  
 The grog goes round,  
 with pleasure crown'd.  
 In war or peace alike you'll find,  
 that honour fills a sailor's mind.

#### A NEW HUNTING SONG.

WHEN through the woods the hun-  
 ters tr: c,  
 the nimble hare or hart,  
 Fond echo joins the noble chase,  
 and vocal makes the air,  
 The opening haunts the game pursue,  
 and brush away the morning dew.

## Comus's Chaplet.

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At length o'er ta'en, the trembling pray  
Its speed no longer tries ;  
Fear all its courage takes away,  
and soon the victim dies.  
The hunters then the bowl pursue,  
and all their songs of joys renew.

### TOM BOWLING.

**H**ERE a sheer hulk lies poor Tom  
the darling of our crew ; [Bowling,  
No more he'll hear the tempest cowling,  
For death has brought him to.  
His form was of the swiftest beauty,  
his heart was kind and soft ;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
and now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
his virtues were so rare ;  
His friends were many and true hearted,  
his Poll was kind and fair ;  
And then he'd sing so blyth and jolly ;  
ah ! many's the time and oft !  
But now this turn'd to melancholy,  
for Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
when he who all commands ;  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
the word to pipe all hand.  
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches  
in vain Tom's life has doft,  
For though his body's under hatches,  
his soul is gone aloft.

### THE SEA-WORN TAR.

**T**HE sea-worn tar, who in the war,  
no danger e'er could move ;  
True to his gun, all hazards run,  
yet thought upon his love ;  
But home again, forgets his pain,  
and seeks his faithful lass ;  
Lock'd in her arms, enjoy her charms  
and fills the sparkling glass.

### SAILOR'S JOKE.

**A**S brisk and as merry a fellow  
As ever could hand, reef or steer,  
I a shore with my messmates got mellow,  
Aboard I'm a stranger to fear ;  
A slave I can troll glibly patter,

My timbers are all heart of oak,  
And zounds let what will be the matter,  
I'm call'd a tight hand at a joke.  
With my fol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

On the masthead a top of his napper,  
Ned Nimble once whirl'd round & round  
Dared I for to try the same caper,  
Cause why—he war'nt born to be drow'd  
I was capsize'd : 'twas nonsense to grumble  
The rigging my fall kindly broke ;  
So I ax'd him to try the same tumble,  
No damme, says he, you're in joke.  
With your fol de rol, lol de rol.

Oft times I remember in action  
Quite cool, tho' the battle seem'd warm  
Just by way now of self-satisfaction,  
And meaning and thinking no harm ;  
Along-side the foe hard a plying,  
Our poppers so prettily spoke,  
We wing'd 'em afore they were flying,  
And damme, they grin'd at the joke.  
With my fol de rol, lol de rol.

I have heard cannons whizz, thunder rattle,  
Stemm'd the surge in a cockle-shell boat,  
When misfortune, or such like gave battle,  
Kept always good humour afloat ;  
In a snug birth at home how we swig it,  
My messmates and Poll I provoke,  
To laugh, quaff, to fiddle and jig it,  
Be alive till we die with a joke.  
And tol de rol, lol de rol, &c.

### BANKS OF AYR.

**T**HE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain,  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,  
By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
Across her placid azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly ;  
Chill runs my blood to hear I trave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.



## THE BLIND SAILOR.

COME never seem to mind it,  
Nor count your fate a curse,  
However sad you find it;  
Yet somebody is wiser;  
In danger some must come off short,  
Yet why should we despair?  
For if bold tars are fortune's sport,  
Still are they fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,  
A fighting that their Don,  
Like squibs and crackers flew up,  
The crew, each mother's son;  
They sunk—some rigging stopt me short,  
While swirling in the air,  
And thus, if tars are fortune's sport,  
Still they are fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth common  
Had like to have been my wife,  
Long-side of such a woman,  
I'd led a pretty life;  
A landman, one Jem Davenport,  
She convey'd him to Horn Fair;  
And thus, tho' tars are fortune's sport,  
They still are fortune's care.

A splinter knock'd my nose off,  
My bow-sprit's gone, I cries;  
Yet will it keep their blows off,  
Thank God 'twas not my eyes.  
Chance if again their fun's that sort,  
Let's hope I've had my share;  
Thus if brave tars are fortune's sport,  
They still are fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,  
Gl'd for my eyes and limbs,  
When a cartridge burst and doubted  
Both my too precious glims.  
Well then they're gone, cry'd I in short  
Yet fate my life did spare,  
And thus, tho' tars are fortune's sport  
They still are fortune's care.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,  
Yet cheerful I would sing,  
Were my disasters triple;  
'Cause woe, 'twas for my king;  
Besides, each Christian I exhort,  
Pleased with some pittance spare,  
And thus, tho' tars are fortune's sport;  
They still are fortune's care.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I AM a young soldier bold and brave  
Lately come from Gibraltar,  
In fighting for my country brave,  
I never was known to falter;  
With honour'd scars I have return'd,  
Kind Heavens sure did guide me  
Safe back unto my Sally dear,  
The girl I left behind me.

When the cannons round me they did roar  
Like to loud claps of thunder,  
And shell and shot pour'd in so hot,  
Each one was struck with wonder;  
And dismal nights, both wet and dark,  
My vows they did remind me,  
Which I did make to Sally dear,  
The girl I left behind me.

When I in Gibraltar lay,  
And thought upon her beauty,  
Her lovely charms in wars alarms,  
Did cheer me on my duty;  
With courtriments and arms so bright,  
No dangers could affright me,  
Whence'er I thought on her I lov'd,  
The girl I left behind me.

Her beauty is most excellent,  
Her eyes like stars doth twinkle;  
With temper mild as the new-born child  
To every fault is simple;  
Her lovely hair in ringlets twine,  
Her sweet features how they bind me,  
I never more then until death,  
Will leave my girl behind me.

Her voice no woodcock can exceed,  
No goldfinch nor yet linnet;  
So melodious sounds her tuneful note,  
As she plays upon her spinnet;  
The little lambkins round her play;  
In the sweet shady valley,  
With her sweet charms from war's alarms  
I'll live and die with Sally.

In sweet content to church they went,  
Join'd hands and hearts together,  
As the turtle dove in mutual love,  
To be true to each other;  
Long live and health attend the pair,  
May their true love ne'er falter,  
Then blessed will the hour be,  
That he sail'd from Gibraltar.